

# DIOGINES

LANTHORNE.



*Athens* I seeke for honest men;  
But I shal finde thẽ God knows when.



He search the Citie, where if I can see  
One honest man; he shal goe with me.

LONDON

Printed for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be solde at his Shop  
in Popes-head Pallace, neere the Royall-  
Exchange. 1 6 0 7.





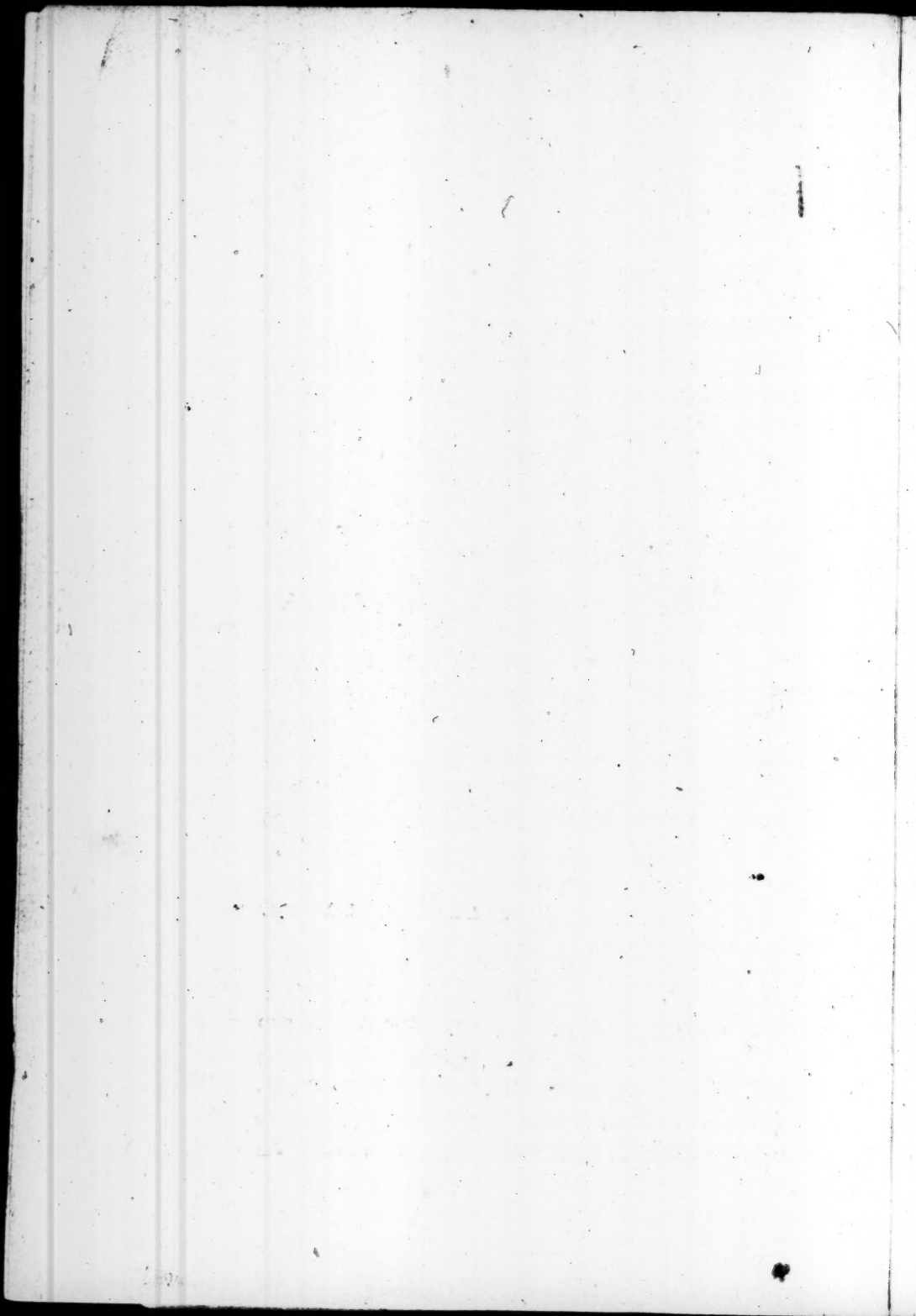
## Prologue.

**A**N odde dayes worke *Diogines* oncemade,  
And'twas to seeke an honest man he said.  
Through *Athens* with a Candle he did goe,  
When people sawe no cause he should doe so:  
For it was day-light and the Sunne did shine;  
Yet he vnto a humour did incline  
To checke Mens manners with some od-crosse iest,  
Whereof he was continually posselt.  
Full of reproofes where he abuses found;  
And bolde to speake his minde, Who euer fround.  
He spake as free to *Alexanders* face,  
As if the meanest Plow-man were in place.  
Twas not mens persons that he did respect;  
Nor any calling: Vice he durst detect.  
Imagine you doe see him walke the streetes,  
And every one's a knaue, with whome he meetes.  
Note their discriptions; which good censure craues  
Then judge if he haue cause to count them knaues.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

A 2









## **DIOGINES** In his Lanthorn *Humoure.*



Ow fye vpon seeking  
 honest men in knaues skins,  
I am euen as weary as euer  
was Platoes Dogge. Not a  
 Stræte, Lane nor Alley in  
 Athens but I haue trode it,  
 and cannot meet a man woz,  
thy the giuing good morowes  
to: why what raskalles be  
 these? haue they banisht honest men out of the Towne  
 quite? Alas poore Vertue, what hast thou done to de-  
 serue this contempt? base is thy attyre, as thyd bare  
 in thy apparel as my Colaine: thy company out of re-  
 quest, for thou hast walked in long alone, that thou art  
 euer walked away with thy felie: ther's no goodnes to  
 be found. Al's set upon viliary. Ponder walkes Bri-  
 bery taken for an honest substantiall graue Citizen,  
 & as it is so, pray make him one of your Common  
 Counsell.

There goes Crueltye and Extortion, put off your  
 battes to him: tis well done, be is one of the principall  
 and best in the parish, he hath borne all Offices and ne-  
 uer lid hand: a most abhominable rich fellowe, but  
 how the deall came he by his wealt: Widowes, w-  
 dowes, thyx or foure olde rustie golde-begetting w-  
 dowes



## Diogines Lanthorne.

nowes haue crown'd him with their wealths, and that wicked Hammon is dearer vnto him then his owne soule: Nay, if he had five thousand soules, he would sell them all for five thousand Dukcates of golde.

Stay, let me see! what's he? Oh tis Prodigallitie and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the suburbs of a Bawdie-house for their recreation: yonder rides the Bawde in her Coach before, and they two come lespurely (with the pox) behinde, but will all make together anone to make worke for the Chirurgiō, who will answer their loose bodies with the squirt.

Now I assure you though I laugh but sildome, I must needs make merry with yonder Ass: why he is trapt for all the world like Alexanders horse, such a feather in's head, so begarded, and the very same trot: I haue knowne his father well, he was a most graue Senatoz (in regarde of his gray beard) and did much little good in the Cittie, got wealth, and pylde bp geide euen as they pyle bp stockfish in Island, and now his Sonne (the second parte of a foole) has all, all: mary what doth he with it? (Nay, let me snuffe my Candle and Ie tell you) euen like one of Signieur Scattergoods Politicians he deuides it into partes: A great portion for Drjng, a good summe for drjnkjng, a parcel for whoring, a moytie for pride, a third for dauncing, six shares and a halfe for swaggering, and all the remayner for beggery. Walke along knaue, walke along.

Who haue we next comes crāping with the palsey in his toynts, a great leather pouch by his side as large as a gammon of Bacon, his long stockings, and a side coat crosse-bard with veluet to his knees? Nay (light, light) let me see! oh I know the damnd slave, tis Monsieur Vsurj, what a leane lanke thin-gut it is: he looks metuallous like a long emptie Cats-skin purrle, I would

## Diogines Lanthorne:

would I had his skin to make me a Sommer payze of  
Bustins.

What a blessednes is it to me, that I neuer came  
into such a villaines clutches! What doe's he pray as  
he goes, his chaps walke so fast? No, no. the rogne is  
ruminating vpon his pawnes, he chawes the Cud in  
contemplation of Bonds and Billes, I dare be sworne  
he neuer champes so much vpon his dinner or supper,  
for his paunch cries out on him, and all the guttes in  
his pudding-house rumble and grumble at their slender  
allowance. He objects the olde proverbe to his belly,  
Many a Sacke is tyed vp before it be full. I would  
I had the dycting of him some month with my rotes,  
I would send him deeper vnder ground then ere they  
grewe: the Canibal should neuer feed more vpon poore  
men, & play the Dice-maker with their bones: hang  
him rogne hang him.

How now thou drunken knave, canst not see but  
raile vpon me? I would I had bene ware of this, thou  
shouldst haue borne me a good bange with my staffe:  
what a slave's this, as I live I was almost downe.

Looke how his cloake hanges, one side to his ankles  
and th'other side to his elbowe: his steppes take the  
longitude and the latitude, hoyle, hoyle: This fellow  
is now (in his owne conceit) mightily strong, for he  
dares fight with any man: he is exceeding rich, scoznes  
money, and cares not for twenty thousand pound: he  
is marvellous wise, and tut tel not him, for he knowes  
more then any man whatsoeuer. What's he that dares  
refuse to pledge him? as sure as Death if he could see  
or finde his Dagger, stabbes would be dealt: hearken  
how the villaine sweares, there's all his Hostesse hath  
in pawne for his score, yet he's a passing good Custome-  
mer for utterance, about a Farrell a day goes downe  
his gutter. So take him in there at the red Lattice, he  
has call Ancker at the blew Ancker for this day, fill  
him

## Diogines Lanthorne.

him of the best, for hee is euen one of the best guesstes that euer tooke vp sodden water with chalk-scredite on a post. Out vpon him, out vpon him, He reade his Destinie, dye in a ditch knaue, or end in an Hospitall Rascall, chuse whether thou wilt.

How lookes yonder fellow? what's the matter with him trow? has a eaten Bul-beefe? there's a lofty flauie indesde, hee's in the altitudes: Oh ist you Paister Ambition? I would be glad to see you hang'd awhile, for an old acquaintance: A great man with the Emperoz, ile assure you, a great man with the Emperoz: his voice is heard in the Court now, and his Fathers voice was wont to be heard in the Cittie: for I haue heard him many a time and often cry bzoomes in Athens; a good platne honest man, and delt much with old shoes: I heard him once tell this proud knaue (being then a Boy) a good discourse of Iustice out of a Bzoome: Birra said he, heere's Birch to correcte you in Child-hood, and when you growe to be a great lubber, heere's a staffe to be-labour you: If that will not serue to amcnd you, why then heere's euen a Gallie to hang you vp: Amen say I, hee's growing towards it apace: aspiring to rise hie, plotting to be mightie: and what toles has a out of the devils shop for this worke? Treason, Treason, he will ascend by Treason, though he climbe the Gallies for it, and cracke his necke in comming downe againe. If I salute him, and put off my cap, I would my Lanthorne were in my belly. Vertue scornes him, I know him not: Strout along sirra, strout along, for thou hast not long to strout it.

Howe knaues abroad yet? yonders Boasting & Pre-sumption, I hold my life as old as I am ile take his Rapier from him with my walking staff, he is al sound and bzeath; tongue and talk; feares no man, cares for no man, beholding to no man: but trie his valour, put him to it, see whats in him, dare him to the prooffe, and there's

## Diogines Lanthorne:

there's mine emptie fellowe like a water bubble flying  
in the ayre till a puffe cracke him: I neuer knew (since  
I knew reason) a worbie fellowe proue a woorthy fel-  
low: a man must set his hand to his man-hood and fin-  
ger it, 'twil not be had with wounds and blood, hart  
and napes, as euery rascally knaue makes account:  
when two Curres meete, all the while they bark they  
haue no leysure to bite: Alexander had a bragging  
Soldier that swoze he had kild fine hundred men with  
hillips, yet this fellowe sware the peace against a wo-  
man that had broken his head with his owne dagger:  
and tother day I followed a couple of notozious brag-  
garts into the field, one sware he would imbzeiw his  
Rapier hilts in the bowels of his foe, the other vowed  
to make him eate iron and Steele like an Estrige: whē  
they came to the place appoynted, both drew their wea-  
pons, layd them presently downe, and went to buffetts  
for a bloody nose, which I seeing, ran to the towne and  
cry'd murder, murder, & so brought three hundred peo-  
ple together to laugh at them, I could tell many like  
examples of Signieur feathercap and his fellow, but  
that I spy another knaue cōminge, that puts me out.  
Dis, Contention (nay ile go low enough to the kēel,  
& shalt not tuffe me for the wall) looke how a stares  
see how a crowner, he has had a pooze man in law  
this three yeate, for bidding his dog Come out cuc-  
kolds curre, yet if the dogge could speake he would  
beare witnes against his maister for bozne worke  
that he hath seene wrought by his mystris in her chā-  
ber to make her husband night caps of.

Wh strife is the som of his desires, tis the solace of his  
sowle, he is neuer well at harts ease if he be not  
wzangling with one or other: ile try it by law (sayes  
hee) the law shall iudge it: ile come to no agreement  
but low. ile pynch him by law, I haue a hundred pound  
to spend at law, and all law, law: yet he himselfe



## Diogines Lanthorne.

is altogether boyd of equitie: hee'l neither take wrong  
no2 doe right: bytes his poore neighbour doggedly by  
the backe, scoynes his Superiour, tramples upon his  
inferiour, and so he may be wangling, cares not with  
whome it be, to keepe his hand in vze. He neuer went  
to bed in charitie in his life, no2 neuer wakes without  
meditating shewd turnes. Oh he loues wonderfully  
to be feeding on the bread of strife, and immitates the  
Camels which delight to drinke in troubled pooles: well  
he shall ioyne no neighbour-hood with me for it: my  
Munne stands farre inough off from his house: I had  
rather haue a Beare to my next neighbour, then such a  
bhabling rascall, goe walke a knaue in the horse-faire,  
I haue nothing to say to thee but farwel and be hangd,  
and when th'art going that iourney, take all thy sel-  
lowes with thee.

Well met, or rather ill met Hipocrisie: Ah then  
smoth face villaine with the saluwing tongue, art thou  
become a Citizen too? then looke about you plaine sel-  
lowes, you shall be sure to want no deceits: he hates  
swearing, so doe I: tis well done to hate it, but he  
loues lying, and will ouer-reach you in a bad bargaine  
or with false weight and measure: Yes indeed, I truly  
will he. Hee'll sigh and say ther's no Conscience now-  
adays, and then makes his owne actions beare wit-  
nes to it: by yea and nay if he can he will deceiue you.

Looke to his bandes, harken not to his tongue, and  
say I haue giuen you faire warning, for a Philoso-  
pher hath bene consued by him. I had rather haue it  
said, Diogines was deceiued, then to beare it repo-  
ted he is a deceiver. I payde for a better Cap then I  
weare, and my gowne is scarce wo2th halfe the money  
it cost me, marry what remedie? nothing: I haue  
learn'd by it onely A knacke to knowe a Knaue: and  
while I liue ille looke better to Yes truelye, and  
Indeed: Hipocrisie shall neuer sell me good wo2des  
againe while he liues: He new't buye breath more for  
money

## Diogines Lanthorne:

money. If a Thiefe should waite me going home, and take away my purse, I would say I met with an honest man then hee that counsel'd me in the buying of my Cowne, for the Thiefe would proue a man of his worde, and tell me what I should trust to in the peremptory termes of Stand, deliuer your Purse.

But my Cowne-brother, he promist me good stufte truly, a great peny-worth indeed, and verily did gull me. But let him take leaue of my purse, he's a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my harte to eat his Liver fry'd with Parsley to morowe morning for my breakfast.

How now, what's the matter? whether goes all this hurly burly? he's a clutter indeed. Now I see, now I see, Coufnage the Swaggerer is carryed to prison: I heare the people say he hath stab'd the Constable, beate the Watch, broke the Maysters head, and lye with his Hostesse.

He's no villaine: pray' search his pockets, I tolde you as much: false hart, false hand, and false dice: what crooked toles are those in's tother pocket? pick-pocks, pick-locks: This fellowe lyes by his wits, but yet longs not to Wits Common wealth: he swears he is a gentleman: I but of what house? marry Cheaters Ordinary: an Ingenious flane that workes a liuing out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: every man him is a very rogue and a base gull: He threatens stabs and death, with hart, wounds & blood, yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgion. He scoznes to dwel in a suite of apparell a weeke: this day in sattin, to morowe in sackcloth: one day ill new, the next day all seam-rent: now on his backe, anon at the brokers: & this by his reckning is a gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be so, but I pray' then what humour is the gentlemā in? he is neuer (in my opinion) like to proue gentlemā by the humour.



## Diogines Lanthorne.

A way with him, away with him, make sure worke,  
chayne and kennell him vp in Tayle, make him a  
knight of the dolorous castell.

He wil do better farr tyed vp, then loose at liberty, let  
him not play the wandring pilgrim in any case, ther's  
no remedy for such wilde fellows but to tame them  
in the dungeon of darkenes: follow him close watch-  
men with your halberts, least he show you a new  
daunce call'd run-alwayes galliard. So, so, by this tyme  
helpe where hee's like to prone lowlie, if there be not  
some speedy remedy vs'd, with a medicine made of  
hempe seede, to kill his ytche.

Who haue we next pra'y? I should know him by  
his villanous, scurvy looks, a makes a wry mouth, &  
has a gruntinge countenance, for all the world like  
Detraction, why tis he indeed: a rope stretch him, has  
not the crows peckt out his eyes yet? See how hee  
laughs to him selfe, at yonder playne gentlewoman in  
the old fashon, because she ha's not the trash & trum-  
pery of mistresses Loose-legges about her.

Dost thou deride Cyuility knaue? is decency become  
ridiculous? looke vpon thy selfe, thou rascall, looke  
vpon thy selfe, whom all the wisemen in the world may  
laugh to scoyne indeede.

Thou hast nothinge in thee, (if thy inside were tur-  
ned outward) worthy of the least commendation, and  
yet such villains wil ever be scoffing (deriding and de-  
tracting, from those of the best spirits and worthyest  
endeuours) learned mens workes, industrious mens  
travells, graue mens counsells, famous mens vertues,  
and wise mens artes, Detraction wil spit venom at:  
nothing is well done that flowes not from his dirty  
Inuention: he has scoffes for them he knowes not, and  
tells for those he neuer saw, what a world's this? when  
a foole shall censure a Philosopher? a doubt, an ideote  
one that hath wit in's heele & head alike to condemne  
and

## Diogines Lanthorne.

and depraue natures miracles for wit and wisdom.

This is he that can mend euerie thing that is ready made to his hand, detracting from the worthines of euerie mans work: tis a villaine, a right villaine byed and boyne, he came not long since along my tub-house and scoffing at mee, asked why I made it not a tap-house? Mary (quoth I) I haue determined so to doe, but I want such a rogue as thou art, to make mee a signe of: with that a cal'd me Dogge. Said I, thou didst neuer heare me barke. but thou shalt seele mee bite, and so thrust my pike-staff: through his cheekes, that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a viper as he is.

Mary then we shal neuer haue done: looke where Icelosie is, as yellowe as if hee had the yellow laundice: his wife's an honest woman in my conscience, loyall and true in wedlocke, but because hee like a fornicating rascall vses common Cortezans, hee thinks her curtesses and theirs are al alike to euerie man, come who will: his eyes followe her sette whersoeuer she goes: if any friend salute her: shee dares not replie, but must passe sträger-like without any show of curtessie: he sweares shee's a whoze, and himself a large horn'd cuckold, all be to runne butt with all Cuckolds in the Towne.

Mary hee's growne to such out rage, that he is euen franticke with Iealousie, sometimes offering to lay wagers y no Bull dares encounter with his head, and that his hornes are moze pretious then any Unicorn: the Haberdasher cannot fit him with a Hat wide enough: the Barber cannot trim his fore head close enough, and yet the por hath made his beard thin enough: he saies he thinks there's not an honest woman in Athens to his knowledge, and the reason is, he is familiar with none but whozes. A batwvie house is for his bodsly exercise, and hee cannot liue without

## Diogines Lanthorne.

his lechery, he hath whores of all cōplexions, whores of all syzes, and whores of all diseases: and this is the cause that the vilanous fellow deems all to be whores.

But maisters marke the end of him that hath bene laide five times of the pox: if he be not thoroughly frenched, and well peper'd for his venerie, then wil I for seauen yeares eate hay with a horse: wel I leasse the way to tothor side the streete, before hee come too nise me, I dare not indure him, tis good sleeping in a sound skinne: I would not be in's coate for Alexanders rich golwe, out stinking knaue out. Hold off thy Cart knaue, wilt ouer runne me? thy horse hath more homestie in him then thou, for he auoides mee, and thou brawlt vpon me. So Willaine so, curse the creature that gets thy lining, & see how thou wilt thine by it. Thou blinde knaue Porter, doost rush vpon me with thy basket, and then saist by your leaue? belike thou meanst to instell me again, for thou didst aske no leaue the first time before hand, what brutish slanes doe I meete with? my staffe shall meete with some of you anon, take thou that knaue, for crying broumes so loud in mine eares, heeres a quoll indeed: your cittle Gufflings, rumbling, and tumbling, is not for my humoz. What a filthie throat has that Wylder wifr, I thinke it will eccho in my braine-pan this houre. This is the raging streete of outcries, ile out walke it with al the speede I can.

Hetherto hane I met with neuer an honest man, well, ile burne out my Candles end, and then make an end and get me home. So, this is good to begin with- all, had your streete neuer a knaue to encounter my first entrance but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen, This is he that sets countreies and kingdome together by the eares, breeds Cittle mutines, and domesticall contentions, Prince against Prince, nation against nation, kindred, neighbour, friend all at variance.

## Diogines Lanthorne.

variance, This is he that calles Peace with her palme tree, idle huswife, and soundes defiance through out the whole world: you are wrong'd (saies he) put not vp such a vile indignitie, this disgrace no manhood can indure, your valour and reputation is in state of prejudice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it vp, so the whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with Plato, call him proud fellow, and trample vpon his bed, because it was somewhat handsomer and better deckt then mine. In all his life time, (and ile assure you tis an old, gray, leane, drie, rotten bond villaine) did hee neuer show cheerefull countenance but at the sight of some mischefe: he would rather byte his tong then bid any man good morrow. So, so, now it workes, hee's got amongst a crew of scolding filwines, off goes her head ittire, haue at tothers thyoate, too her green wast-coat, why now it works like ware.

Thrust in Cut-purse, for theres good pennis worlths to be had amongst them, thy trade is like to be quicke by and by, customers come apace, make a priuie search without a Constable, ile stay no longer with you, a rope rid you al. How hee vps thee slovenly knaue, whe didst thou wash thy face? Heeres Sloath right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at euening becomes his night-cap: his frieze golwe sconce, wherein he intrenches himselfe, is at least thirtie thousand strong: Garter thy hose beast, garter thy hose, or wilt the por indure no garters?

This fellowe I remember comming to a fig-tree, beeing so extreame lazie that hee could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laide himselfe downe vpon his backe, and gaping cried:

Sweete

## Diogines Lanthorne.

Sweete Figges drop downe in yeelding wife,  
For Lazie will not let me rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goes earely to bed,  
bp to eate, and to wne to sleepe: soznes labour, for hee  
is as stiffe soynted as the Elaphant, and rather then  
he would indure halfe an holwers labour, hee would  
willingly chuse a whole howres hanging. I know no  
bfein the world for him, except to keep the Cttie bread  
from moulding, and the townes liquoz from sowzing.

This is he, that lying at ease vpon his backe, where  
a cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to draine ea-  
sie ouer him, for he could not rise yet til his lasie fit was  
past: this is he that could rather be lowse then endure  
to haue his shirt wash'd, and had rather goe to bed in  
hole and shoes, then stoope to pull them off, Wee's fit-  
ted with a wife euen pat of his owne humoz, for tother  
day beating both for her Husbands breakfast, the  
Cat cride mew in the porredg-pot, wife (said he) take  
out poore puffle, alas how came wee there? with that  
she tooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the  
porredg from her into the pot, they two went leuving-  
ly to breakfast with it.

A Shame take them both for filthie companions, for  
their both is abhominable: who! then we shall neuer  
haue done, heeres hell broke loose, swarming together.  
Derision, hee goes before, and scoffes euery man hee  
meetes: dost laugh at my Lanthorne knaue, because  
I use Candle-light by day? why villaine tis to seeke  
such as you'le neuer be, Honest men.

Violence he walke s with him, heele doe iniurie to  
his owne Father if he can, al that he weares on's back  
and all that he puts in's kelly, is got by oppzession,  
wzong, and crueltie, he cares not how he get it, so hee  
get it, noz from whence he rake it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their cozozs, an inhu-  
mane



## Diogines Lanthorne.

mane and vnciuill sanadge, if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would neuer giue a thousand good woordes in a yeare for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternity: a raging knave, an vquiet turbulent rogue: hee'll allow time for nothing, al's at a minutes warning that he calls for, or hee'll rage, rayle, curse and swear, that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten myles of him.

Who's the other? holde by thy head knave: Oh tis Dulnes, the most notorious block-head that euer pisset, Instructe him till your tongue ake, he has no eares for you: theres nothing in him but the Asses vertue, thats dull melancholy: how lumpish a looke? out rascalles out: Now a murraine take you all, I did neuer make a worse dayes worke in my life then I haue done to day: here's a Cittle well blest, tis well provided I warrant you. If a man should need an honest mans help, where should he find him? Well farwel Athens, I and my Tubbe scoone thee and thy Cittizens.

## Diogines lost labour.

Philosopher, thy labour is in vaine,  
Put out thy Candle, get thee home againe,  
If company of honest men thou lacke,  
They are so scarce, thou must alone goe backe.  
But if thou please to take some knaves along,  
Gine but a hecke, and soze will flocke and throng.  
He that did vomit out his house and land,  
Euen with a wincke, will ready come to hand.  
And he of whome thou didst ten shillings craue,  
As thinking nere againe his almes to haue

C

Because

## Diogines Lanthorne.

Because he was a prodigall, in waste,  
And to vndoe him-selle made wondrous haste,  
If thou hast come to see him in thy Tanne,  
He will be ready both to ge and runne.  
O; those same drunken fiddlers, thou didst finde  
A tuning wood, when they them-selves were blinde,  
Whome thou didst with thy staffe belabour well:  
The 'le sing about the Tub where thou dost dwell.  
All those that were presented to thy sight,  
When thou soughtst honest men by Candle-light,  
Take a step backe, they in the Cittle bee,  
With many hundreds which thou didst not see.  
Houses of rascalles, Hops even full of knaves,  
Tauerne and Ale-house filld with drunken slaves.  
Your Ordinaries and your common-Fines  
Are whole-sale ware-houses of common sinnes.  
Into a bawdy house thou didst not looke,  
Nor any notice of their caperings toke. (Straps  
Bawds with their Punks, and Badners with their  
Whores with their feathers in their velvet caps.  
Those Sallamanders that doe bathe in fier,  
And make a trade of burning loss desire.  
That doe salute them whome they entertaine,  
With A pox take you till we meete againe.  
Nor those which daily, Ponces entice,  
To lend them money vpon cheating Dice.  
And in the Bowling-alleys toke with betting,  
By three, and foure to one, most basely getting.  
All these vnseene, appeare not to thy face,  
With many a Cut-purse in the market place.  
That searches pockets being silver lynde,  
If Counterfets about men he can finde.  
And hath Commission for it so to deale  
Under the hang-mans warrant, hand, & scale.

Innume-



## Diogines Lanthorne:

Innumerable such I could repeat,  
That vse the craft of Coney-catch and cheat,  
The Citties hermin, worse then Rats and Mice,  
But leaue the adozs, to reward of vice:  
He that reprocues it, shalues a detestaton,  
He that corrects it, workes a reformatton.  
Who doe moze wrongs and iniuries abide  
Then honest men that are best qualiffide?  
They that doe offer least abuse to any,  
Must be prepared for enduring many.  
Butther's the comfort that the Vertuous finde:  
Their Hell is first, their Heauen is behinde.

## Diogines Morralls.

A Cocke stood crowing proud,  
Fast by a river side:  
A Gose in water byt at him  
And did him much deride:  
The Cocke in choler grew,  
bowling by him that made him,  
That he would fight with that base Gose  
Though all his Hennes disswade him.  
Come but ashore (quoth he)  
White lyer, if thou dare,  
And thou shalt see a bloody day,  
Thy throat shall soon be bare.  
Base craven (said the Gose)  
I scozne to beare the minde  
To come ashore, amongst a crewe  
Of scaping donghill kinde:  
Thy Hennes will backe thee there,  
Come hether chaunting slave:

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

And in the water hand to hand,  
A Combat we will haue.  
Here's none to interpret,  
I challenge thee come hère:  
If there be valour in thy combe  
Why let it now appere.  
Enter thy watery field,  
He spoyle thy Crowning quite:  
Why dost not come? oh now I see  
Thou hast no hart to fight.  
With that the Cocke replide,  
There was no want in him:  
But sure the water was so bad,  
It would not let him swim.

## Morrall.

IT happens alwayes thus  
When Cowards doe contend:  
With wrangling wordes they doe begin  
And with those weapons end.  
Nothing but vaunts are vs'd,  
Till tryall should be made:  
And when they come to action  
Each of other are affraide,  
Then for to keep skinnés whole,  
It is a common vse:  
To enter in some drunken league,  
Or make a cowards scuse.

A great

## Diogines Lanthorne:

**A** Great assembly met of Mice,  
Who with them-selues did take aduice  
What plot by pollicye to shape,  
How they the bloody Cats might scape.  
At length, a graue and auncient House  
(Belike the wise I in the house)  
Gave Counsaile (which they all lik'd well)  
What eu'ry Cat should weare a Bell:  
For so (quoth he) we shall them heare,  
And see the daunger which we feare.  
If we but heare a Bell to ring  
At eating Cheese, or any thing,  
When we are busie with the nippe,  
Into a hole we strasse may skippe.  
This aboue all they lyked best:  
But quoth one House vnto therest,  
Which of vs all dare be so stout,  
To hang the Belles, Cats neckes about,  
If here be any, let him speake:  
Then all reply'd, we are too weake.  
The stoutest spouse, and tallest Kat,  
Do tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

## Morrall.

**T**Hus fares it with the weake,  
Whome mighty men doe wrong:  
They by complaint may wish redresse,  
But none of force so strong  
To worke their owne content:  
For euery one doth feare,  
Where cruelty doth make abode  
To come in presence there,

Diogines Lanthorne.

**T**he Owle being weary of the night  
 Would progresse in the Sunne,  
 To see the little Birds delight,  
 And what by them was done.  
 But coming to a stately stone,  
 Heepe'd with gallant Greene,  
 Where reares proud sea, Summer Trone  
 Most beautilous to be seene.  
 He lights no wner on a tree  
 That Summers luerie weares :  
 But all the little Birds that be  
 Are flock'd about his eares.  
 Such wondring and such noyse they kept,  
 Such chirping, and such peeping :  
 The Owle for anger could haue wept,  
 Had not shame hindred weeping.  
 At length he made a solcmne bow  
 And thus vnto them spake :  
 You haue your time of pleasure now  
 As Owle of me to make,  
 For ere morowe light appere  
 In Lawning of the East :  
 Fiftie hundred of you that are here  
 I will dispatch at least :  
 If that I crush you not most rare,  
 Why then Ioue let me dye :  
 A Tittimouse I will not spare,  
 Nor the least Wren doth flye.  
 And so at night when all was hush,  
 The Owle with furious minde,  
 Did search and pry in eu'ry bush  
 With sight when they were blinde.  
 He rent their flesh and bones did bzeake,  
 Their feathers flew in th'aire :

And

## Diogines Lanthorne.

And cruelly with bloody beake  
Those little creatures teare.  
Now am I well reueng'd (quoth he)  
For that which you haue done:  
And quitted all my wrongs by none,  
Were offered in the Sunne.

## Morrall.

**G**Ainst mightie one, the weake of strength  
May not them-selues oppose:  
For if they doe, twill proue at length,  
To wall the weakest goes.  
The little shrubs must not contend  
Against the taller Trees,  
Nor meaner sorte seeke to offend  
Their betters in degrees.  
For though amongst their owne consorts,  
Superiours they deride:  
And wrong them much by false reports,  
At length Time turns the Tide.  
There comes a change, the wils they wrought  
In selfe conceit thought good:  
May be in the'nd too deerly bought  
Euen with the price of blood.

**A** Cobler kept a scurvy Crowe,  
A Bird of basest kinde,  
And paines inough he did bestowe  
To worke her to his minde.  
At length he taught her very well  
To speake out very lowde:

God

## Diogines Lanthorne.

God saue the King, and troth to tel,  
The Cobler then grew proude.  
She was too good to hop about  
Upon his Olde Iron stall:  
But he vnto the Court would strout,  
His Bird should put downe all  
Their paynted Barrats, So he went  
To Caesar with lacke-dawe,  
And said to him, he did present  
Best Bird that ere he sawe.  
The Monarch gracious minde did shewe  
For Coblers poore good will:  
And made a Courtier of the Crowe,  
Where he remaind, vntill  
He standing in a windowe, spy'd  
His fellows flye along:  
And knew the language which they cry'd,  
Was his owne mother song,  
Away goes he the way they went,  
And altogether flye,  
A poore dead Horse to teare and rent  
That in a ditch did lye.  
When they had shat'd him to the bone  
Not a Crows mouthful left:  
To a Corne-field they flye each-one  
And there they fall to theft.  
Whis life the Coblers Crows did chuse,  
Pick's lining out of strawe:  
And Courtly dyet did refuse  
Euen like a foolish Dawe.

Morrall.



*Morrall*

**H**EE that from basenes doth deriue,  
 The roote of his discent:  
 And by preferment chaunce to thriue  
 The way that Iack-daw went:  
 Whether in court or common wealth,  
 In Cittie, or in towne,  
 How ere he pledge good Fortunes health,  
 Heele liue and dye a Clowne,  
 Dawes, will be dawes, though grac'd in court  
 Crowes will to carrion still,  
 Like euer vnto like resort,  
 The bad embrace the ill,  
 And though euen from a Coblers stall,  
 He purchase land, what then,  
 With coblers heele conuerse with-all,  
 Rather then better men.

**T**He Lyon in a humour once,  
 As with his pleasure stood,  
 Commaunded that on paine of death,  
 Hoꝛne beasts should boide the wood,  
 Not any one to tarry there,  
 That had an armed head,  
 This was no sōner publish'd forth  
 But many hundreds fled  
 The Hart, the Bucke, the Vnicorne,  
 Ram, Bull, and Goate consent  
 With hast, post-hast to run away  
 Their daungers to prevent.



## Diogines Lanthorne.

With this same spot, of hoyned kinde  
That were perplexed so  
A beast consozts, vpon whose head,  
Only a Wrenn did grow.  
The Fox met him, and said thou sole,  
Why whether doest thou run?  
Herry (quoth he) to save my life  
Hear'st thou not what is done?  
Horne creatures all haue banishment  
And must aside the place,  
For they are charg'd vpon their lines,  
Euen by the Lyons grace.  
Trew (said the Fox) I know it well  
But what is that to thee?  
Thou hast no horne, thy wen is flesh,  
Tis eident to see.  
I graunt (quoth he) t'is so indeede,  
Yet nere, thelesse, fleshy,  
For it be taken for a horne  
Pray in what case am I?  
Sure (said the Fox) it's wisely done  
I blame thee not in this,  
For many wrongs are dayly wrought,  
By taking thinges amisse.

## Morrall

Wise-men will euer doubt the worst,  
In what they take in hand,  
And seeke that free from all suspect,  
They may securely stand,  
Remouing euery least offence,  
That may a daunger breed.

For

## Diogines Lanthorne.

For when a man is in the pit,  
It is to late take heede  
If mighty men doe censure wrong,  
How shall the weake resist?  
It is in vaine contend with him,  
That can doe what he list,  
The best and most reposed life,  
That any man can finde,  
Is this; to keepe his conscience free  
From spotted guilty minde.

**A** Sauage creature chaunc'd to come,  
Where ciuill people dwelt  
Whom they did kindly entertayne,  
And courteous with him delft.  
They fed him with their choicest fare  
To make his welcome knowne,  
And diuers wayes, their humane love  
Was to the wilde man shewne.  
At length (the weather being colde)  
One of them blew his nayles,  
The Sauage ask'd why he did so?  
And what his fingers ayles?  
Parry (quoth he) I make them warme,  
That are both colde and numme,  
And so they set them downe to worke,  
For supper time was come.  
The man that blew his nayles befoze,  
Upon his broth did blow:  
Friend, sayes the Sauage what meanes this,  
I pray thee let me know:  
My broth (said he) is ouer hot,  
And I doe coole it thus:

## Diogines Lanthorne.

Farewell (quoth he) this deede of thine  
For ever parteth vs,  
Hast thou a breathy blowes hot and colde,  
Euen at thy wish and will?  
I am not for thy company,  
Pray keepe thy supper still  
And beate thy hands, and coole thy breeth;  
As I haue sene thee doo,  
Such double dealers as thy selfe,  
I haue no minde ento,  
But will retire vnto the woods,  
Where I to-foze haue bin,  
Resolving euery double tongue  
Wath hollow hart within.

## Morrall.

**A** Heedefull care wee ought to haue,  
When we doe friends elect  
The pleaseing gesture and good wordes  
Wee are not to respect,  
For curteous cariage oftentimes  
May haue an ill intent:  
And gracious wordes may gracelesse proue,  
Without the harts consent.  
Let all auoyde a double tongue  
For in it ther's no trust,  
And banish such the company,  
Of honest men meane iust:  
A counterfeits societie  
Is neuer free from daunger  
And that man liues most happy life,  
Can liue to such a straunger.

When

Diogines Lanthorne.

**W**hen winters rage, and cruell frozmes,  
Of euery pleasant tree,  
Had made the boughs starke naked all,  
As bare, as bare might be,  
And not a flower left in field,  
Nor grane on bush or byter:  
But all was rob'd in pitteous plight,  
Of Sommers rich attire,  
The Grasse-hopper in great distresse,  
Vnto the Ant did come  
And said deere friend I pine for fode,  
I praye thee giue me some.  
Thou art not in extreames with me,  
I know thy euer care  
For winters want, and hard distresse  
In Sommer doth prepare,  
Know'st thou my care, replyd the Ant:  
And dost thou like it well?  
Wherefore prouid'st not thou the like?  
Pray the Grasse-hopper tell:  
Marry (said he) the Sommer time  
I pleasantly doe passe,  
And sing it out most merily,  
In the delightfull grasse,  
I take no care for time to come,  
My minde is on my song,  
I thinke the glorious sunne-shine dayes  
Are everlasting long.  
When thou art hoarding vp thy fode,  
Against these hungry dayes  
Inclined vnto prouidence,  
Pleasure I onely praise:  
This is the cause I come to thee,  
To help me with thy store.

## Diogines Lanthorne.

Thou art deceiv'd friend said the Ant,  
I labour'd not therefore.

It was not for you I did provide,  
With tedious toyle some paynes:  
But that my selfe of labours past  
Might haue the future gaynes.  
Such idle ones must buy their wit,  
It is best when deereley bought:  
And note this lesson to your shame,  
Which by the Ant is taught,  
If Sommer be your singing time,  
When you doe merry make:  
Let Winter be your weeping time,  
When you must pennance take.

## Morrall.

Neglect not time, for pretious Time,  
Is not at thy commaund,  
But in thy youth and able strength,  
Giue prouidence thy hand.  
Repose not trust in others helpe,  
For when misfortun's fall,  
Thou mayst complaine and pine in want,  
But friends will vanish all.  
They'le heape reproofes vpon thy head,  
And tell thy follies past:  
And all thy actes of negligence,  
Euen in thy teeth will cast:  
Thou might'st haue got, thou might'st haue gain'd,  
And liued like a man:  
Thus will they speake filling thy soule,  
With extreame passion than:

Pre-

Preuent this foolish after wit,  
That comes when t'is to late:  
And trust not ouermuch to friends,  
To helpe thy hard estate.  
Make youth the Sommer of thy life,  
And therein loyter not:  
And thinke the Winter of olde age,  
Will spend what Sommer got.

**A** Lustie begger that was blind,  
But very strong of limbe:  
Agreed with one was lame of legges,  
That he would carry him.  
And tother was to guide the way,  
(For he had perfect sight:)  
Upon condition, all they got,  
Should still be shar'd at night.  
So as they chaunc'd to passe along,  
The Cripple that had eyes,  
Sitting upon the blind mans backe,  
On ground an Oyster spyed.  
Stooping take that Oyster vp (quoth he)  
Which at thy fete lyes there:  
And so he did, and put it in,  
The scripp which he did weare.  
But going on a little way,  
Says cripple, to the blinde:  
Giue me the Oyster thou tookest vp,  
I haue thereto a mynde.  
Not so said tother by your leaue,  
In vaine you do intreate it:  
For sure I keepe it for my selfe,  
And doe intend to eate-it,



He haue it fir the Cripple swoze,  
 Who spide it, thou or I?  
 If that I had not sene, and spoke  
 Thou wouldest haue passed by.  
 It is no matter said the blind  
 Thou know'st it might haue lye'n;  
 Had I not stoopt and toke it by  
 Therefore it shall be mine.  
 And so they hotly fell to wordes,  
 And out in choller brake  
 With thou lame rogue, and thou blind knaue,  
 Not caring what they spake.  
 At length it happen'd one came by  
 And heard them thus contend,  
 And did entreat them, both that he,  
 Might this their discorde end.  
 They yeild, and say it shall be so,  
 Then he Inquiring all,  
 Did heare their league, and how about  
 An Oyfter they did brall.  
 Said he, my maysters let me see  
 This Oyfter makes such strife,  
 The blindman forthwith gaue it him  
 Who present drew his knife,  
 And ope'ning it, eate by the same,  
 Giuing them each a shell  
 And said good fellows now be freinds,  
 I haue your fish, farewell.  
 The beggers both deluded thus,  
 At their owne folly smilde,  
 And said one subtill crafty knaue,  
 Had two poze foles beguilde.



Diogines Lanthorne.

*Morrall.*

**V**When men for trifles will contend,  
And vainely disagree:  
That ofte for nothing friend and friend,  
At daggers drawing be.  
When no discretion there is v'de,  
To qualifie offence:  
But reason is by will abus'd,  
And anger doth incense.  
When some in fury seeke their wish,  
And some in mallice swels:  
Perhaps some Lawyer takes the Fish,  
And leaues his clyent shels.  
Then when their folly once appeares,  
They ouer late complayne:  
And wish the wit of fore-gone yeares,  
Were now to buy againe.

**W**ithin a grone, a gallant grone,  
That wore greene Sommers sute,  
An Oxe, an Asse, an Ape, a Far,  
Each other kinde salute.  
And lovingly like friends embrace,  
And much good manners ble:  
At length saies th'Oxe, vnto the Asse,  
I pray the friend what newes?  
The Asse lok'd sad, and thus reply'd,  
No newes at all quoth he:  
But I growe ever discontent,  
When I doe meete with the.

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

The Oxe look'd strange, and stepping back,  
Quoth he deere neighbour Ase:  
Hauē I wrong'd thee in all my life,  
Mouthfull of Hay or Grasse?  
Assure thy selfe if that I had,  
It would graue me very much:  
No kinde bedfellow said the Ase,  
My meaning is not such.  
On Iupiter I doe complaine,  
It is he wrongs me alone:  
In arming thee with those large hoznes,  
And I poore wretch haue none.  
Thou wearst two weapons on thy head,  
Why body to defend:  
Against the stoutest dogge that barks,  
Thou boldly dar'st contend.  
When I haue nothing but my skinne,  
With two long foolish eares,  
And not the basest Gole that liues,  
My hate or fere feares.  
This makes me sad and dull, and slow,  
And of a heauy pace:  
When eu'ry scurvy shepheards curr,  
Doth b'ate me to my face.  
Sure quoth the Ape, as thou art grau'd,  
So I hard dealing finde:  
Looke on the Fox, and looke on me,  
May view us well behinde.  
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt,  
Except thy eye-sight fayles:  
What Nature lack'd a payre of eyes,  
When she made both our tayles.  
I wonder what her reason was,  
To alter thus our shapen:

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

There's not a Fox, but hath a Tayle,  
Would serue a dozen Apes.  
Yet we thou selft goe bare-asle all,  
For each man to berthe:  
I tell the brother Asse I blash,  
To see mine owne, backe, Asse.  
I must endure a thousand Jestes,  
A thousand scoffes and scoznes:  
Nature deales bad with me for Tayle,  
And hard with the for hoznes.  
With this the ground began to stirr,  
And forth a little hole,  
A creping foure legg'd creature came,  
A thing is call'd a Mole.  
Quoth he my maysters I haue heard,  
What faults you two doe finde:  
Wout Tayle and Hoznes, pray loke on me,  
By Nature formed blinde.  
You haue no cause thus to complaine,  
Of your, and your defect,  
For ble dame Nature hard with wordes,  
If me doe you respect.  
The things for which you both complaine,  
Are vnto me denide:  
And that with patience I endure,  
And moze, am blind beside.

## Morrall.

We ought complaine, repine and grudge  
At our dislike estate:  
And deeme our selues, (our selues not pleas'd)  
To be vnfortunate.

## Diogines Lanthorne.

None marck'd with more extreame then wee,  
None plung'd in sorrow so:  
When not by thousand parts of want,  
Our neighbours griefes we know.  
Most men that haue sufficiencie,  
To serue for natures neede:  
Doe wrong the God of Nature,  
And vngratefully proceede.  
They looke on others greater giftes,  
And enuiously complaine:  
When thousands wanting what they haue,  
Contended doe remaine.

**T**H' Astronomer by night did walke,  
(He and his Globe together:)  
Hauing great busines with the starres,  
About the next yeares weather  
He did examine all the sky,  
For tempests, winds, and raine:  
And what diseases were to come,  
The plannets told him plaine.  
The disposition of the Spring,  
The state of Sommer tide:  
The Haruest fruit, and Winters frost,  
Most plainly he espyde.  
He did conferr with Iupiter,  
Saturne and all the Seauen:  
And grew exceeding busie, with  
Twelue houses of the heauen.  
But while with staring eyes he lookt,  
What newes the starres could tell:  
Upon the sodaine downe he comes,  
Headlong into a well.

Help

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Helpe helpe, he calls as elsse I browne,  
Oh helpe, he still did cry:  
Untill it chann'd some passengers,  
Came very early by.  
And bearing him, did helpe him out,  
In a brownd monkes case:  
Then question'd with him how he came,  
In that same colde wet place.  
Harry (quoth he) I look'd on his,  
Not thinking of the ground:  
And tumbled in this scurvy Well,  
Where I had like bin brownd.  
Which when they heard and knew his art  
They smyling said, friend stranger?  
Wilt thou fore-tell thinges are to come,  
And knowest not present danger.  
Hast thou an eye for heauen, and  
For earth so little wit:  
That while thou gazest after starres,  
To tumble in a pit?  
Wilt thou tell (looking oze, thy head)  
What weather it will be?  
And deadly danger at thy foote,  
Thou hast no eyes to see:  
We giue no credit to thy Art,  
Nor doe esteeme thee wise:  
To tumble headlong in a Well,  
With gazing in the skyes.

## Morrall

Many with this Astronomer,  
Great knowledge will pretend:



## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Those giftes they haue, their haughty pride,  
Will to the skyes commend.  
Their looks must be aspiring,  
(For ambition aymes on hye)  
Fortun's aduancements make them dreame,  
Of Castels in the sky.  
But while bewitching vanity,  
Deludes them with renowne:  
A sodaine alteration, with  
A vengeance pulles them downe.  
And then the meanest sort of men,  
Whom they doe abieect call:  
Will stand in scorne, and point them out,  
And censure of their fall.

**G**reat Alexander came to see  
My mansion, being a Tun:  
And stood directly opposite,  
Betwene me, and the Sun.  
Doyrow (quoth he) Philosopher,  
I peild this time of day:  
Darry (said I) then Emperour,  
I præther stand away.  
For thou depriest me of that,  
Thy powre hath not to giue:  
For all thy mighty fellow kings,  
What on earth's fote-ball line.  
Stand backe I say, and rob me not,  
To wrong me in my right:  
The Sunne would shine vpon me,  
But thou tak'st away his light.  
With this he stept aside from me,  
And smiling did entreat:

That

That I would be a Courtier,  
 For he liked my conceit.  
 He haue thy house brought nise my Court,  
 I like thy baies so well:  
 A neighbour very nere to me,  
 I meane to haue thee dwell.  
 If thou bestow that paine (quoth I)  
 Pray when the worke is don:  
 Remove thy Court, and carry that,  
 A good way from my Tun.  
 I care not for thy neighbour-hood,  
 Thy treasure, trash I hold:  
 I doe esteeme my Lanterns hoine,  
 As much as all thy gold.  
 The costliest chaire that earth affords,  
 (Take Sea and Ayre to boote)  
 I make farre lesse account thereof,  
 Then of a Carret-roote,  
 For all the robes vpon thy backe,  
 So costly, rich, and straunge: (weare  
 This plaine poore gowne, thou seest me  
 Whed-bare, I will not chaunge.  
 For all the Pearle and pretious Stones,  
 What is at thy command:  
 I will not giue this little Boke,  
 That here is in my hand.  
 For all the citties, countries, townes,  
 And Kingdomes thou hast got:  
 I will not giue this empty Tun,  
 For I regard them not.  
 Pray if thou would'st exchange thy crowne  
 For this same Cap I weare:  
 Or giue thy Scepter for my Staffe,  
 I would not do't I sweare.

Doest

Doeſt ſee this tubb: I tell thee man,  
 It is my common wealth:  
 Doeſt ſee yon water: tis the Wine:  
 Doth keepe me ſound in health.  
 Doeſt ſee theſe rotes that grow about,  
 The place of my abode?  
 Theſe are the dainties which I eate,  
 My back'd, my roſte, my ſod.  
 Doeſt ſee my ſimple thre ſtoke ſtole:  
 It is my chayze of ſtate:  
 Doeſt ſee my poore plaine wooden diſh:  
 It is my ſiluer plate.  
 Doeſt ſee my Wardrope: then behold  
 This patched ſeame-rent gowne:  
 Doeſt ſee yon mat and ball-ruihes:  
 Why th'are my bed of downe.  
 Thou count'ſt me poore and beggerly,  
 Alas good carefull King:  
 When thou art often ſighing ſad,  
 I cherefull ſit and ſing.  
 Content dwels not in Pallaces,  
 And Courts of mighty men:  
 For if it did, aſſure thy ſelfe,  
 I would turne Courtier then,  
 No Alexander th'art deceiu'd,  
 No censure of me ſo:  
 That I my ſweet contented life,  
 For troubles will forgo:  
 Of a repoſed life tis I,  
 Can make a iuſt report:  
 That haue moze vertues in my Tan,  
 Then is in all thy Court.  
 For what peilos that but vanitie,  
 Ambition, Enuie, pride:

## Diogenes Lanthorne:

Oppression, wronges and cruelty,

Pay euery thing beside.

These are not for my company,

Ile rather dwell thus odde:

Who-euer walkes amongst sharp thornes,

Had need to goe well shodde.

On mighty men I cannot sawne,

Let flat'ry crouch and creep:

The world is nought, and that man's wisse

Least League wth it doth keep.

A Crowne is heauy wearing, King

It makes thy head to ake:

Great Alexander, great accounts

Why greatnes hath to make.

• Who seeketh rest, and for the same

Doth to thy Court repaie:

Is wisse like him that in an Egge

Doth seeke to finde a Hare.

If thou hadst all the world thine owne,

That world would not suffice:

Thou art an Eagle, mighty man,

And Eagles catch no flies.

I like thee for thy patience well,

Which thou dost shewe, to heare me:

Ile teach thee somewhat for thy paynes,

Draue but a little neare me:

Some honest Proverbs that I haue,

Upon thee Ile bestowe:

Thou didst not come so wisse to me

As thou art like to ge.

**H**e that performes not what he ought

But doth the same neglect:

Let him be sure not to receiue

The thing he doth expect.

F

When

**Diogines Lanthorne.**

When oncy the tall and lofty Tree  
Vnto the ground doth fall :  
Why euery Pessant hath an Axe  
To hewe his boughes withall.

He that for vertue merrits well  
And yet doth nothing clayme :  
A double kinde of recompence  
Deserueth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest  
And thy companions tell,  
I will resolue thee what thou doest,  
Whether ill done or well.

He knows enough that knoweth nought  
If he can silence keepe :  
The Tongue oft makes the Hart to sigh,  
The Eyes to wayle and weepe.

He takes the best and choysest course  
Of any men doth liue :  
That takes good counsel, when his freind  
Doth that rich Jewell giue.

Good horse and bad, the Ryder sayes,  
Must both of them haue Spurres :  
And he is sure to rise with Fleas  
That lyes to sleepe with Curre.

He that more kindnes sheweth thee  
Then thou art vs'd vnto,  
Eyther already hath deceiu'd  
Or shortly meanes to do.



## Diogines Lanthorne:

Birds of a feather and a kinde,  
Will still together flocke:  
He need be very straight him- selfe  
That doth the crooked mocke.

I have obserued diuers times  
Of all sortes Olde and Young:  
That he which hath the lesser hart  
Hath still the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wickedman  
Appeering good to th'eye:  
May doe thee many thousand wronges  
Which thou canst neuer spye.

In present want, deferre not him  
Which doth thy help require:  
The water that is farre off fetch'd  
Quencheth not neyghbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,  
Meate, Drinke, and leyfure takes,  
But he that lackes, must mend his pace,  
Needs a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend  
Vprightly doth respect:  
Must firmly loue his friend profest  
With faulte, and his defect.

He that enjoyes a white Horse, and  
A fayre and dainty wife:  
Must needs finde often cause, by each  
Of discontent and strife.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Chuse thy companyons of the good,  
Or else converse with none:  
Rather then ill accompanied,  
Farre better be alone.

Watch ouer wordes, for from the mouth  
There hath much euill sprunge:  
Tis better stumble with thy feet  
Then stumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habite, Vertue tis  
That doth aduaunce thy fame:  
The golden brydle betters not  
A Iade that weares the same.

The greatest Ioyes that euer were,  
At length with sorowe meeetes:  
Taste Hony with thy fingers end  
And surfet not on sweetes.

A Lyer can doe more then much,  
Worke wonders by his lyes:  
Turne Mountaynes into Mole-hills  
And huge Elaphants to Flyn.

Children that are vnfortunate,  
Their Parents alwaies prayse:  
And attribute all their times  
Vnto their fore-gone dayes.

When Sicknes enterd Healtis strong hold  
And Life begins to yeilde:  
Mans forte of Flesh to parley comes,  
And Death must winne the field.

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

The Flatterer before thy face  
With smiling lookes will stand:  
Presenting Hony in his mouth,  
A Razor in his hand.

The truly Noble-minded, loues,  
The base and seruile feares:  
Who-euer tels a foole a tale,  
Had need to finde him cares.

To medle much with idle thinges,  
Would vex a wise mans head:  
Tis labour, and a weary worke  
To make a Dog his bed.

The worst wheele euer of the Cart,  
Doth yeild the greatest noyce:  
Three women make a Market, for  
They haue sufficient voyce.

First leaue all Fooles desire to learne  
With stedfast fixed eyes:  
Is this: *All other Idiots are,*  
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathles lyes,  
Whome all the Forrest fear'd:  
The very Hares, presumptuously  
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtest,  
Though inconuenience growe:  
A wise man will not Seed-time loose  
For feare of euery Crowe.

## Diogines Lanthorne.

• Oneman can neuer doe so well  
But some man will him blame:  
Tis vayne to seeke please euery man,  
Loue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in misery  
Do not affliction adde:  
With sorowe to load sorowes backe,  
Is most extreemly badde.

Showe me good fruit on euill trees,  
Or Rose that growes on Thistle:  
He vndertake at sight therof,  
To drinke to thee and whistle.

Censure what conscience rests in him,  
That sweares he Iustice loues:  
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,  
To punish simple Doves.

There's many, that to aske, might haue,  
By their ode silence crost:  
What charge is speech vnto thy tongue?  
By asking, pra'y whats lost?

He serues for nothig, that is Iust  
And faithfull in his place:  
Yet for his dutie well perform'd,  
Is not a whit in grace.

Hemakes him selfe an others slave,  
And feares doth vnder-goe:  
That vnto one being ignorant,  
Doth his owne secrets show.

Diogines Lanthorne.

On Neptune wrongfull he complaynes  
That oft hath bene in daunger:  
And yet to his deuouring waues  
Doth not become a straunger.

Age is an honourable thing,  
And yet though yeares be so,  
For one wise-man with hoary hayres,  
Three dozen fooles I knowe.

F F N I S.

